



## **Snow Ball, 1983 by mAD aS ThE PhaNTom**

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**Summary:** Mike's been spending the night glancing at the gym doors, hoping that maybe El kept her promise to come to the Snow Ball with him. Or Mike and El reflect on their promise made on the night of the '83 Snow Ball. (Mileven, Cross-posted on AO3)

## Snow Ball, 1983

*A/N: I have returned briefly to submit a story I had first published on Archive Of Our Own and have decided to put here. Set between Season 1 and Season 2, it follows Mike and El during and after the Snow Ball in 1983. Hope you enjoy it!*

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He didn't know why he came in the first place.

Mike looked out into the sea of students, music blaring from the speakers as they laughed and danced. The boy was sat at the top of the bleachers as he brooded, a permanent frown etched on his face as he began to regret his decision to join his friends at the cheesy, school dance.

His eyes then glanced towards the doors of the gym, remembering the promise he made to El before she disappeared, the commitment to go to the Snow Ball together.

"You okay, man?" Mike looked away from the crowd and up to see Will, who proceeded to sit next to him.

"I don't know why I even came," Mike mumbled, looking around the room again. "It's not like I enjoy going to this stupid event, Maybe because my mom makes me." the boy laid back slightly against the bleachers, now staring up at the ceiling.

"Is it about El?" Will asks. Mike went quiet before he sighed. "I guess, I mean..." he fumbled with his words while his friend waited patiently for an answer.

"I made a promise to her. I promised her that once all the Bad Men were gone, that when the Demogorgon was defeated, we would go to the Snow Ball together; that she would have a place to stay...but now..." he paused, a tightening in his chest before he cleared his throat.

"...Now, she's gone, and I don't know where she is; if she's even dead or alive. I mean, I'm still glad you're okay, but without her, you

would've been gone too." the boy added as not to offend his long-time friend.

"I do owe her my life." Will agreed. The two boys sat in silence. Mike glanced at the door again, silently hoping El would walk through. "I think she owes all of us our lives. She went as far as saving me when I jumped off of the quarry." he smiled fondly at the memory.

The dance was beginning to draw to a close as the two continued to chat, only to be invited later on to the dance floor by Lucas and Dustin. While Will went to join them, Mike stayed behind once again. Students were starting to filter their way out slowly, and the 12-year-old still kept looking at the door before giving up.

"So much for staying," he mumbled as he got up from the bleachers and went to wait by Nancy, who was manning the punch bowl the whole night, to take him and his friends home.

Meanwhile, outside of Hawkins Middle School, Eleven hid behind bushes and trees as she watched sets of kids leaving for home. The girl had wandered there earlier after hearing the faint beats of music blast within the school walls.

She was amazed by what she had witnessed, seeing the lights dance and bounce against the gym walls, trying to hum along to the music that was faintly playing.

Eleven wished she had kept her promise and gone to the Snow Ball with Mike, but since the government agents asked that his parents report if she returned, she knew she had to keep him and his family safe.

So, she ran.

Eleven didn't know how long she had been standing there, shivering slightly from the cold. She wondered if Mike had gone to the Snow Ball with his friends or with another girl, an unpleasant feeling welling in her chest, only for it to disappear when she saw Mike, trailed by Lucas, Dustin, Will and his sister Nancy from a distance.

Smiling fondly, she noticed how different yet pretty he looked with

his dark dress jacket, grey pants, and white dress shirt. Eleven felt relieved that he didn't go with another girl, but she frowned at the fact that he looked sad.

Was it because of her? Was it because she couldn't keep her promise?

And then, he looked at her; well, in her general direction. She saw him squint his eyes, only to be interrupted by his sister, the contact broken.

She wanted to go and see him; yell out his name so that he could hear her. She longed to run up and have him hold her close, longing to tell him she was alive.

But, it wasn't meant to be.